

### How to Be a Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship.  
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In Mr. Griffith's "Answer Column" he will be glad to aid salesmen in their salesmanship problems. His replies will be published, using only the correspondents' initials.

#### Answers to Questions.

SOME time ago there was printed in these columns an answer to an inquiry regarding the possibilities for a beginner in the insurance sales field. I have before me a letter from the Vice President of a prominent insurance company, in which he says:

"Your answer stated that the United States had gone into the insurance business, but you failed to mention that they are handling only the life end. When the soldiers leave the service, it is fair to assume that a great many of them will drop their insurance until they have secured positions to give them sufficient income to pay premiums, at which time they will be splendid prospects for life insurance."

"At present, the automobile insurance field is, in my mind, one of the best lines for a beginner. Premiums are high, and by insuring two or three cars a week a man can secure an income of from \$10 to \$15 a week, which is renewable yearly."

"There are thirty-two kinds of insurance, and, although you did not specifically state life insurance, you gave the layman the impression that the insurance business as a whole is at a standstill and in an unsettled condition. This is not true. The business has never known greater prosperity."

J. S.—If you want to learn advertising, do so. The same with salesmanship. The two professions are separate and distinct. Although advertising is just salesmanship on paper, there are certain definite rules for advertising which the salesman need not worry much about. The same holds true for the profession of salesmanship. There are several good

courses available in both advertising and salesmanship. I cannot recommend any particular one.

E. A. V.—It is impossible to furnish you with all my articles up to date. Some of the issues of this newspaper in which they appeared are practically out of print. I am sorry. In this connection I may say that a large number of the regular readers of this column are keeping a scrap book of these articles. Such a book forms a valuable text book on all phases of salesmanship.

"Where can I obtain some knowledge about an education in salesmanship?"—E. R.

There are several resident and correspondence courses in salesmanship available. In addition, go to the public library and ask for books on salesmanship. This will provide the theoretical part. For the actual application of theoretical principles you will have to get out in the actual selling field.

J. W. C. is selling restaurant supplies. He complains that since there is so much competition and since one order lasts a customer a long time, he is not making as much money as he should.

In my estimation, the remedy is a change of three courses. Find other kinds of business besides restaurants which can use your line, get an exclusive territory with your firm, or try small town territory.

J. P. P.—Any reputable course in salesmanship is valuable for either a beginner or a man who has had some experience in selling. Such a course teaches principles which you can use to advantage in your daily work. The course you mention is very good. It is, I understand, well-arranged, in a way. There are other good courses, also.

### The Housewife's Scrapbook

WHEN stewing fruit add a good pinch of salt to it. This lessens the acidity of the fruit and less sugar is required.

When you buy a rib roast of beef, ask your butcher to cut off the rib end for you. You can get a good soup out of this. If it is left on and roasted, you will have considerable waste.

Frozen fish is just as nutritious as fresh fish and considerably cheaper. To thaw it out lay it in cold water. Cook as soon as it is thawed out.

To prevent a soggy undercoat in fruit pies, brush the crust with white of an egg before putting in the fruit.

When using the granulated gelatine for making jelly, remember it requires a level tablespoonful of the gelatine to stiffen one pint of liquid to the proper consistency.

The pie crust will be more flaky if you add a level tablespoonful of cornstarch to every cup of flour before sifting it.

A tablespoonful of salt added to the water in which eggs are boiled will prevent the shells from cracking and the consequent escape of the whites.

When making frostings for puddings, etc., you will materially increase the quantity if you beat the whites until stiff and add the sugar and then drop the frosting into a pan of boiling water. It will rapidly spread and should then be lifted out with the summer and spread on the pudding, which should be served at once.

You can secure a good liquid glue by mixing three ounces of gum arabic, three ounces of distilled vinegar and one ounce of sugar. Keep well corked.

Zinc can be easily cleaned by rubbing very hard with a cloth wet with liquid ammonia.

Cover gilt frames when new with a coat of white varnish. This will be invisible and you can wash the frames without injuring them.

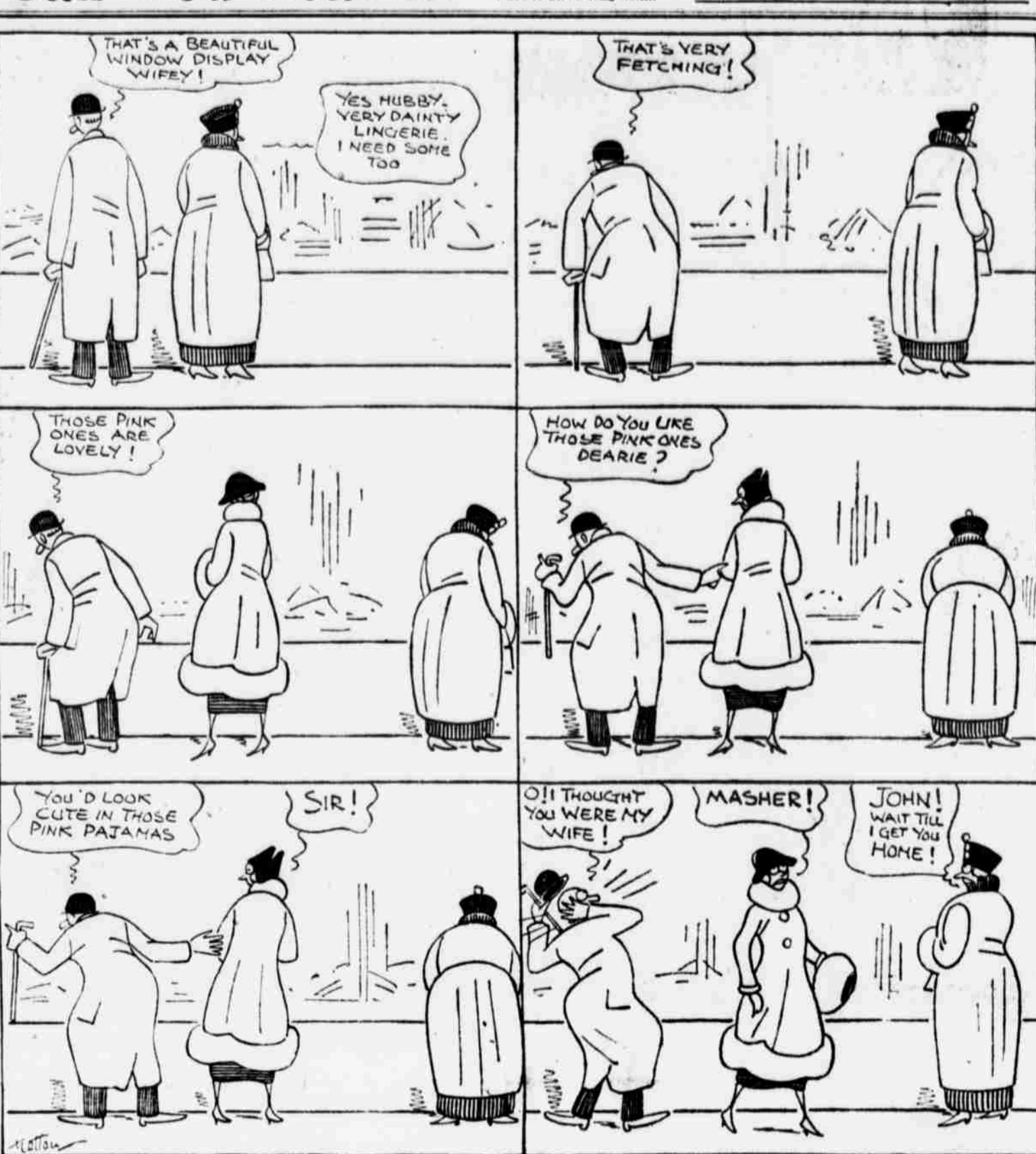
If the cane chair seats sag, you can restore their elasticity by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked. When dry the seats will resume their original firmness.

If you stand your patent leather shoes where the leather will become worn each time before you put them on, they will not crack and the leather will keep soft and pliable.

You can keep your copper ware bright if you make a paste of finely powdered bath brick and vinegar and rub this on the copper, leaving it on for a little while, then rubbing it off and polishing with a soft cloth.

To brighten the rug or carpet, sprinkle it with coarse, wet corn meal be-

### Can You Beat It!



By Maurice Ketten

### The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

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### Child Health Alphabet

By Mrs. Frederick Peterson of the Child Health Organization



is for Jam  
and also for Joy,  
Which, spread on his Bread,  
it brings to a Boy.

### Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

#### Dear Cousins:

I have real good news for the kiddies who sent in their six coupons and have received no answers by mail. The expected supply of Kiddie Klub pins arrived to-day, so all those

who have sent in for membership may expect their pins and certificate in a few days.

#### Cousin Eleanor

LOVE, TRUTH AND PURITY  
The motto of our brotherhood  
Expresses all, just as it should:  
"Love, Truth and Purity"  
It is a lasting surety  
Of all that's true and good.  
It tells of noble deeds and fine,  
All in that splendid little line:  
"Love, Truth and Purity"  
No dimness or obscurity  
Shall hide our motto's sign.

The Kiddie Klub has great renown,  
But, best of all, it works to crown,  
"Love, Truth and Purity."  
And thus to all futurity  
Our motto shall go down.  
By THOMAS H. DAVISON, aged  
fifteen years, New York City.

#### FEBRUARY ESSAY CONTEST.

Subject: "Welcome Home."  
Ten prizes of four Thrift Stamp (the equivalent of \$1.00), will be awarded each of TEN Kiddie Klub members, ages from six to fifteen inclusive, who write the best compositions on "Welcome Home."

A certificate from the teacher or parent of the contestant, stating that the composition is original and the best of their knowledge and has not been copied, must accompany each composition.

Compositions must be written in ink and must not exceed one hundred and fifty (150) words.

Contestants must state NAME, AGE, ADDRESS AND CERTIFICATE NUMBER.

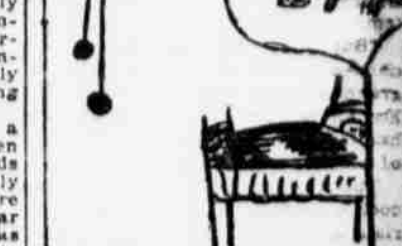
Address Cousin Eleanor, Evening World's Klub, 53 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes Feb. 28.

#### JANUARY CONTEST AWARD

WINNER.

"Peace: What It Will Mean."



I don't have to get up!  
I don't have to get up!  
I don't have to get up this morning!  
By GLADYS DIAKE, aged twelve years, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.  
1. Send in six of your coupons.  
2. Receive your pin and certificate.  
3. Write an essay for the February contest.  
4. Receive your prize.  
5. Write an essay for the January contest.  
6. Receive your prize.  
7. Write an essay for the March contest.  
8. Receive your prize.  
9. Write an essay for the April contest.  
10. Receive your prize.

COUPON NO. 429

## S.O.S. STAND TO!

BY SERGEANT REGINALD GRANT.

### "Ammunition Up!" and the Dash Back to the Transports on the Parson's Horse

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.  
Copyright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co.  
After escaping to the Canadian woods, the "S.O.S." unit, under the leadership of Sergeant Reginald Grant, was ordered to retreat. The unit, consisting of a platoon of men and a parson's horse, was ordered to retreat. The unit, consisting of a platoon of men and a parson's horse, was ordered to retreat.

CHAPTER VII.  
(Continued.)  
THE retreat ended in Maple Cope Woods, where we established ourselves and held the Germans, they retreating at the order of the Major. The Major, they retreating at the order of the Major. The Major, they retreating at the order of the Major.

CHAPTER VIII.  
ON account of the trees partially obscuring the flash of the guns of the Imperial battery the air saw did not convey the exact information to the German batteries, and when they opened up on the chateau chunks out of the building and trees and a general ripping up ensued, but their fire did not reach the battery. In all my experience at the front, in three years, I have never known at one time in one spot such a devastating fire as they put over at that particular time. There were over seven batteries—four guns—ranging from 3-inch to 8-inch, constantly trip-hammering on the building, and the earth trembled and quivered as though in the throes of an earthquake.

Another gun of our Canadian battery of four guns was here put out of action, leaving two guns out of the six. From off my gun we had recovered the fallen tree, enabling us to get it into action again. At this time we were receiving the fire from the German batteries on the left rear, left front and right, leaving only our right rear free from the destruction which was being waged on every other outlet.

time when I thanked the good Lord for that drink.  
In the meantime I had made my way back to the cellar of the chateau which we were using for a dug-out, and the battery to our rear, an Imperial battery, was firing when it received an "S.O.S." Suddenly a German airplane hovered over the chateau, describing a half circle behind the Imperial battery, spotting its flash, and immediately wheeling the location. Our observers, who were stationed at points on either side, did not notice the manipulation of the airplane at the rear of the battery. The "S.O.S." was accompanied by a burst of machine gun fire, which was directed at the rear of the battery. The battery, the signal working its way down right into the Canadian lines, where the ammunition was rapidly becoming exhausted.

I had no spurs with which to control the animal, and my work was cut out for me. He was an ideal parson's horse, for the brute would hardly go faster than a walk. Getting through the gas barrage, I came to a camouflaged hedge, used to screen and protect the traffic on the road, which sheltered me for four or five hundred yards further, and then I emerged again into the open, and again I was spotted. At this point a set of new dressing stations had been established, and they were as busy as bees looking after wounded men, and every moment of the time they were engaged in their work the machine guns of the enemy planes were hammering the stretcher bearers and the wounded men as industriously as though they were attacking fighting men. It was quite evident they knew I was a despatch rider, and I was a target every step of the way, shells being planted before me, behind me and on each side of me. But I knew the Major's thought was with me every foot of the way; I knew he was counting the seconds until I would reach the wagon lines and deliver the message—and the only message—that would save the position. I knew he was praying for me that very moment and I knew that every man in the battery was doing the same thing. If I failed: It was not with me a question of my life. I didn't care for that, and every man of us, on that day anyway, felt the same. But I must hasten with all the speed that was in me, and I must keep my life, and my head as well, that the others might live.

Finally I got the horse started on a straight run, came to a bridge crossing the Rampart Canal, but they were shelling the bridge so violently that would have been certain destruction to have attempted getting across. Jumping off, I pulled the horse into a ruined building, and there in the twilight I had a splendid opportunity to view the efficiency of the German observation work. They were making the most determined effort to prevent any communication being sent to the wagon lines for ammunition, and one continual stream of shells was following me down the road; they were dropping as thick as hailstones for the entire distance up and down the road as far as I could see. I waited there ten minutes and then, the horse out, walking a hundred yards toward the bridge. Then came another burst of shells; again I stopped for a few minutes, made another hundred yards and then, I made up my mind the time had come to make a dash for it. I jumped on his back, lay flat as a pancake, and with a good stout stick I lammed that poor brute as few horses ever were lammed, and a dash for the bridge and got safely across.

As I left the bridge of the canal a hole was blown in it, and a working party, that was kept there all the time for the special purpose of keeping it in repair, crawled out of their hiding places to engage in their perilous task. It was vitally necessary to keep this bridge intact to facilitate the supplies crossing and recrossing every minute of the night. The friendly cover of a hedge sheltered me for another hundred yards, and here followed a row of buildings that I hugged until I came to a narrow-gauge trestle railroad. Clinging to the walls around were hundreds of wounded men waiting for a conveyance. There was an open stretch from this point as the flyers found me again; their machine gun fire was directed at once fairly into the middle of the road before me and behind me. The flyers were again flashed to their heels and cobbles were uprooted and flying everywhere; but the good Lord was with me and I pulled through it. A couple of large trees that had been blown down across the road next intervened, but the horse, lame as he was, cleared them.

It was not long before we came in contact with the fire, but luck was with us and we escaped until we got to the ammunition dump, where we loaded up with ammunition as fast as men ever worked; it was a joy forever to see those boys work. We had to load up in chain fashion, as it was impossible for the wagons to get to a dump more than four at a time, and the loading was done by the men passing the shells from hand to hand until each wagon was loaded. Then not a second was lost in starting. The cross-roads were reached, but the traffic was so congested we could not pass for a while.

Shells were raining down when we finally started, one of them blowing the side off one of our wagons, leaving the lumber, but no further damage beyond the driver, Luther, breaking his leg. A gunner took his place and Luther was laid in the gutter until such time as he could be picked up. We galloped past the Empire Battery, got to the Belgian Garden at last, taking cover under a clump of trees until the firing had cooled somewhat, and then we took the chance—it was one in ten—to get by. Starting on a dead gallop, shells commenced to chase us all the way up the road. Keeping as well under cover of the hedge as we could, we crossed the railroad bridge, and as we neared the fire again cooled down; but on getting into the square, 25 shells, exploding one after the other as quickly as we could, followed by thunderclaps of brain-splitting noise, ripped up the paving stones, flung them in all directions, and taking chunks out of the eight wagons and wheels. Trotting sharply through the square, we got to Rampart Bridge, which they were showering with shells to prevent our engineers repairing it; it was badly smashed and we had to go a long way around by Ypres Rampart.

Here we left the road and took a chance of getting across the open country, picking our way in the fields among the shell holes, eventually getting in back of the Garden, where we strung our wagons in the rear until the order "Ammunition up!" was given. The plan in hand, the flyers rushed the men to unload the precious cargo. Here the captain and lieutenant were wounded, but they refused to go to hospital, saying their wounds were too slight; and, indeed, I can honestly say that wounded men that night who were weary and could manage to hold on did so; each one seemed to be imbued with the idea that his presence was absolutely necessary for the success of the plan in hand.

"You did not need to come back, Grant," said the Major, upon my return. "I intended you should stay at the front." The three distinct orders roared out by the Quartermaster, with scarcely a second's time between each and its fulfillment. With a gunner in each wagon we started in less than eight minutes from the time the order was given, trotting as hard as horses could over the cobblestones.

(To Be Continued.)